

## **SOME SAMPLE POEMS**

### **FROM "WORD VERSE AND OTHER POEMS"**

#### **Begging God**

The moral mendicant  
Pushes forward his begging bowl  
Into the face of the church,  
His face suffused with a confusion of expressions  
Forced and faked  
But lacking understanding just the same.  
The church must know,  
They said they did.

He can't believe in grace...because he knows he's worth it,  
Perhaps he doesn't have faith enough to believe in God,  
But he can believe in a church.

Well, he was wrong: Them's the breaks.  
How was he to know  
No one told him, he's sure of that.  
He does not know that his ears have been pitched  
To a different frequency.  
How could he know?  
Though he'd worked so hard to set the pitch.

So he imaged a god in his own making,  
Believing in a god with no string theories attached,  
Shattering God's stained glass window,  
Taking the church out of God,  
He begs of himself.

#### **A Mother's Love**

of crystals and pearls  
how fashioned the love  
through the temperate agent of time  
and you knit with your prayers  
the lives of those around you  
your family your friends and your foes  
a patchworked life of colour and beauty  
a celebration of the simple tastes  
a heart for others  
giving and caring  
attending and tending  
a nester without a nest  
but close to the heart of God

## **Between the Strings**

We live between the strings,  
Vibrating to flesh out  
Our theory of the universe.  
Living in an observer's solipsism  
Between the theoretical strings  
Of a awe-spanning multiverse,  
Sensing the harmonies and dissonances  
Of fallen Creation,  
Or perhaps imaginings of a matrix of thin lives  
Between artificial strings...  
Of our own making.

Living transfixed between  
Two multi-dimensions  
Of the Creation instrument.  
The heart and the head;  
The birth and the death;  
The temporal and the eternal;  
The soul and the spirit;  
The physical and the real;  
The cross and the ascension;  
The redemption and the not yet;  
Mostly discord is heard and felt.

She felt the life between the strings  
In pain and wonder, grief and awe,  
As she waited three long days  
For her son,  
Living in the pain of a violence, of a cacophony,  
That wracked the universe, but touched the heart  
To bring interminable harmony.

He lives on both the strings and ever between,  
We live within a life-defining blood  
That was drained from sacrifices,  
All sacrifices, even His,  
But despite stigmata claims,  
He bleeds no more.  
There is no bleeding on His strings,  
But He sends His Spirit to indwell those in the between.

## **Narrow Path Rage**

Do we pew-warm our way to a here-or-there Glory?  
We emphasise His grace,  
A wet, effete grace-ling,

The limp-wristed grace of a culture that condones all  
But sees little,  
The grace of a genie-god of our own making:  
*Imago mei.*  
He's mine, I made her, he will do what I want,  
And wants trump the needs of the affluent.  
But should we lack the imagination  
To craft our god,  
Our culture throws its images at our feet,  
So we tread with care –  
Not wanting to be called as swine.

Do we glory in postmodern holiness:  
Set apart for our purposes and our pleasures?  
But what must happen should our genie fail?  
Or intervene to show Himself like no other?  
How could a god created in our image do *that*?  
Discard Him, all will cry, He is not like us,  
And we fear the strange and unknowable...  
But not enough.

So dance, as we must, to our own tunes, paying our own piper,  
Spinning lightly on our souls,  
As we twirl light heartedly  
To a-muse ourselves.

## **Rain**

Rain appears...  
We only see the journey's end.

The shrivelled, dry and deeply cracked  
Heart  
Slowly swells and smooths,  
Drawn mysteriously through its membranes  
The moist freshness soothes,  
Filling to proud bursting point.  
The microscopic waves of relief  
The soul magnifies to cataracts.

Of course there are niggling concerns,  
The what ifs of soggy mud and flood,  
But they are for the mind,  
The heart is at peace,  
And the rain-muse beckons  
On a hushed Sunday afternoon.

## **Until He Comes**

A heart prepared to care for the other  
For all time.  
Neither infatuation nor lusting,  
For they are waves of the blood.  
Committed to protect and nourish  
Despite disfigurement and disability.  
To care  
When they cannot care for themselves.  
This is love.  
And Jesus said, "I do."

But there's a war that fights for its own survival,  
For its day to day existence  
And its right to thrive,  
But we do not know,  
We do not understand,  
That the lives and deaths it struggles for  
Are in His hands...  
But God only knows.

## **Secrets**

The sapping, pillowing sea  
Sucks on the doomed landed.  
Why?

A child faints for lack,  
No longer puzzled  
At an end: a blank-faced, turned-away, end  
But none will, some will, none will come.  
Why?

Consumer beasts raise angry fists,  
They rail with heated blood  
Against their intractable mirror image gods  
Who will not do their will.  
Why?

A secret hangs by the merest thread,  
Fluttering between the head and the heart,  
Drawn and stretched between air and steel:  
Faith's dark energy.

The cut and thrust of pronouncements,  
Perhaps preferring sticks and stones:  
Flesh heals, faith heals.

Where might the secret go if the thread breaks?

Would the pain be too much?  
Or is it too much just to ask?

A pond, once silvered, reflects the low sun's mystic, sunset forms,  
A brilliant, posed, ephemeral box of jewels,  
But not perfect—  
A pair of ducks glide with listless ease over the surface,  
Shattering the mirrored image.  
Rubies and yellow sapphires flickering with silver,  
Beautiful...but not true.  
If you did not know the reflected you may not care,  
But you'd know it was something grand.  
That too is secret.

But to reflect,  
After galahs brawl their evening prayers,  
And as their hubbub gentles,  
The bell birds toll their evensong  
While whipbirds corral the day into dusky shadows.

And with the breath of the created things,  
The Creator's breath is felt,  
Lifting against the gravity.  
It is not the strength of the thread that counts.

### **Where Are You**

"Where are you, man?"  
The question of the ages.  
But it is hard to hear through the pain  
For in a dark recess of hiddenness,  
There lives a dimly perceived  
Platonic vision of reality:  
Of a jittering Kafka machine that writes,  
And writes,  
And writes,  
The shame,  
Till One says,  
"I turned off the machine.  
It is not moving, you are. You can stop now."  
So easy for Him to say.

### **Encounters**

*Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,*

*But be the serpent under it. [Lady Macbeth]*

The skull's dull colour-of-bone,  
No gilded cage this.  
Alas poor Yorrick,  
I knew him not at all, Horacio

Of imaginings so set in time,  
The concatenations of life's course  
And flittering serendipities,  
Rendering a complexity beyond belief,  
But with monotonous, fingerprint predictability.

You peer into the sightless sockets  
But they see on the inside  
And wonder at the never seen,  
Those worms of thought  
That come into being:  
Guess the source,  
Guess the reasons.  
You can not...  
Though we try until frustration breaks.  
So what was he thinking?  
Why did he say that?  
Why did he do that?  
Yes, even at the thinking-saying-doing moment.  
I knew him so well,  
But didn't,  
Though he stares in puzzlement at me  
Mirrored.

## **Poem**

So I painted it.  
Black on white,  
What else can the mused do?

Filling in the blanks  
Of a white cloze;  
A clueless crossword;  
A find-a-word without letters.

Blinded to the colours  
And textures of a flesh sight,  
But I painted it.  
The textures curled and looped and straight  
As inkiness creeps and sprawls,  
Catching and un hiding  
What has been waiting.

Hesitating—the feelings call...  
But they will call the viewer too.  
Perhaps that is their problem.  
And so I painted it.

The words that sing come rarely  
But when they do,  
To black the page stirs affect.